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The Week

THE New York Times, as in so many similar instances in the past, has performed a conspicuous public service in making so promptly available to its readers the text of the League of Nations proposed new Agreement to Outlaw War. The Protocol is a long and exceedingly complicated document which will need to be exhaustively studied before it can be unreservedly approved; but it looks on the first reading like a long stride in a salutary direction. It is for the most part an elaboration of the Shotwell-Bliss draft treaty published by the New Republic in its issue of July 16, 1924, and it is obviously an honest and capable attempt to pledge the nations of the world to adhere to an anti-war compact while at the same time leaving them free to use different means adapted to their different interests and conditions, to give effect to the pledge in particular instances. It certainly seems to go far towards removing the legitimate American misgivings about the original covenant. If this first impression is confirmed by a more careful examination the Protocol will, we hope, heal the dissensions which have hitherto existed among American pacifists, and enable them to carry on a united struggle in favor of ultimate American adherence thereto.

BUT a struggle it will undoubtedly be. Not only adherence to the Protocol, but any action, such for instance, as an acceptance of the forthcoming invitation to the Disarmament Conference which may be interpreted as a movement towards ultimate adherence will incur bitter and unscrupulous opposition. The violent American nationalists will carry on an agitation against it which will be no less irreconcilable than the agitation that they formerly carried on against American participation in the League. Newspapers such as the Chicago Tribune, the Philadelphia Ledger, the New York Evening Post and the various Hearst publications have already declared war upon it. They denounce it as a conspiracy to take away from America the control of her own destiny and to force submission on her part to the dictates of a European super-state. They will interpret the provisions which are creating a general and a compulsory machinery for adjudicating or arbitrating international disputes as equivalent to the annihilation of the sovereignty of the American nation. They will be joined by the spokesmen of American national violence in Congress and elsewhere, and they will do their best by terrorizing tactics to prevent any government from moving towards the adoption of the Protocol or from participating in the European discussion of the ways and means of preventing war.

THE opponents of the Protocol may well be successful in preventing the reconsideration of the official American attitude towards European organization for peace unless American pacifists unite to carry on a powerful and effective agitation in the interest of the new plan to outlaw war. They can hardly get this agitation fairly under way until after Election Day. It would be extremely unwise to start anything which might result in interpolating the pending difference of opinion about adherence to the Protocol and participation in the Disarmament Conference into the controversial atmosphere of the present campaign. But as soon as the campaign is over, they should gird their loins for what will certainly be a long, uncertain and fierce struggle.

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Their immediate objective should be to make sure that the American government is fully represented in the coming conference, but they should not disguise the fact that their ultimate aim is the adhesion in some form or other of the United States to the Protocol. The political strategy whereby this aim may best be realized is a matter for future consideration, but in the meantime, American pacifists should above all try to get the Protocol analyzed, discussed, explained and domesticated in the house of American opinion. If the American people adhere to it, their adherence will result not from propaganda and exhortation but from an increasing understanding.

IN one of the most important speeches of the campaign Senator La Follette has outlined the foreign policy he would pursue as President. His statement is a sufficient answer to the charges of John Spargo and others that he is a reactionary in international affairs. He would coöperate with other nations to abolish conscription, would reduce armament to the utmost limit compatible with purely defensive purposes, would urge the revision of the 1919 traties, and would "seek to free all subject peoples." He would put an end to secret diplomacy, would take the profit out of war and if the United States were forced to fight in self-defense, he would adopt a pay-as-you-go policy, leaving no burden of debt for future generations. Except in case of an actual invasion by armed forces, he would conduct a referendum before going to war, and would be guided by its results. Perhaps most important of all, he would refuse to have the flag follow the investor, and would not run the risk of armed conflict to safeguard the money of our capitalists wherever in the world they may choose to invest it. Specifically, he would withdraw our marines from the Caribbean and Central America; would fulfill our promise of independence to the Philippines, and would refuse to join in any future exploitation and dismemberment of China by the powers. No one can say that this foreign policy is not concrete and constructive. No one can say that it does not contain the necessary elements for greatly reducing the likelihood of war. Most of it, of course, is to be found in the platform of the Cleveland convention; but for the benefit of those who have forgotten or have never read that platform it is well that Senator La Follette should repeat its declarations.

THE Senate Committee to investigate campaign expenditures was designed to look into exactly such charges as those Senator La Follette recently brought against the Republicans when he charged them with seeking to secure a fund of $4,000,000 or $5,000,000 with which to influence the election result. The sums mentioned, of course, represent only a very broad approximation; and it is not yet known what success has been achieved in collecting. The situation is important enough, however, to warrant the immediate calling of the Senate committee, and the fullest searching of the records to find out how much money the Republicans are spending and where it comes from. Senator Borah is well justified in the personal sacrifice involved in halting his own campaign in Idaho for the purpose.

THE Republicans are in no position to protest that to single them out for investigation is an injustice. Their party is the only one definitely committed to a policy which takes billions of dollars out of the pockets of consumers for the benefit of a comparatively small group of capitalists who are beneficiaries of the high tariff system. The recent revelations about tariff-profiteering in aluminum, the results of which go directly to Secretary Mellon and his brother, give some hint of what this process means. The Republicans could well afford, assuming that they could "get away with it," to spend $100,000,000 in buying this election and insuring another four years of high tariff. There are, of course, plenty of honest men in the Republican ranks who would indignantly repudiate any such endeavor; but the one fact history teaches above all others is that when a considerable body of individuals are exposed to a great temptation there are always some who succumb. When protected industry can gain another four years' immunity by expending three or five or eight percent of its prospective profits, it is an immoral certainty that these expenditures, in one form or another, whether surreptitiously or not, will be made.

A YEAR ago no one would have imagined that American investors would be scrambling for a share in any kind of German loan. It seemed then that nothing could endow any promise of the German government with international value. The reparations charge, with its capacity to absorb every mark of revenue Germany could raise, lay with crushing weight upon the government's credit. This charge has been jacked up sufficiently to permit the credit of the German nation to be good for the modest sum of $200,000,000. This is effected by the purely artificial means of giving the loan a priority over reparations. Any additional credit requirements of the German government are in the same position as before. Nor can it be said that the private credit of Germany has been materially improved by the arrangements for the loan. The Allies are still attempting to exact from Germany more than she can pay, and so long as this condition obtains there will always be danger of internal disorders and war. The Dawes plan loan is no doubt a safer investment than most international loans yielding so high a return. But as matters stand it is about the only German investment that is really safe.

IT is not denied that the loan will somewhat improve the position of Germany. It will insure the

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stability of the currency without the extreme concentration of financial resources on this end that has been involved in the protection of the Rentenmark. The burden of financing reparations in kind will be lifted from the German treasury for a time. No part of the loan, however, will be applied to the supplying of liquid capital for the needs of German commerce and industry. Those needs are pressing, and unless some way can be found for supplying them German economic recovery will be a matter of decades, not of years. It is, of course, possible that after the Dawes plan has been put into operation the Allied governments will come to a realization of the necessity of a further lightening of the reparations burden. Unless they do, the prospect of German recovery is too slight to justify any hope of substantial payments by Germany after the proceeds of the current loan have been exhausted.

INVESTORS are supposed to be peculiarily level-headed people. In reality there is no class of human beings so easily taken in by magical formulas. Ever since the Dawes plan was reported it has exerted magical influence on the investing public. Czecho-Slovak municipal bonds, Italian hydro-electric shares have responded to the ups and downs of the fortunes of the Dawes plan. Irresponsible companies holding dubious properties like amusement parks and restaurants in scattered German cities have advertised and sold shares in this country on the strength of the boom that might be expected in all German values when the Dawes plan goes into operation. It is entirely possible that there may be something of a craze for miscellaneous German values after the flotation of the German loan has been accomplished. And we think the financiers owe it to their public to issue a solemn warning that no such change has taken place in the condition of Germany as would warrant any investment except on expert advice.

JUST how much importance Tory Republicanism attaches to party labels was well illustrated last week in Iowa. Senator Smith W. Brookhart is still, despite his unkind words about Mr. Dawes, the Republican candidate for senator, and his re-election is one of the few certain things in an uncertain world. This is even apparent to the "independent" Republican candidate whom the Conservatives put up against him, one L. A. Brewer. The latter has saved himself a licking at the polls by withdrawing from the race; and as he did so, he advised all God-fearing Iowa Tories to vote for—the Democratic candidate! The latter, Mr. Daniel F. Steck, got himself heard of a few days ago for the first and perhaps the last time by reading in public an alleged affidavit of a precious person named Fink, from Buffalo. Fink sought to discredit some of the testimony before the Brookhart-Wheeler committee which investigated Harry Daugherty. Among other thrilling allegations, he declared Senator Wheeler had promised Roxie Stinson large profits on the stock exchange, to be derived by selling stock short, forcing Harry Daugherty out and taking advantage of the tumble in prices. It is hard to say whether this magnificent tale is a worse insult to the intelligence of Roxie, Fink or candidate Steck. We wonder what John W. Davis would like to do to Democratic candidate Steck, who is engaged in trying to overthrow the evidence on which Davis is making his national campaign.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S work was finished and there is none other like it. Some reporters, giving the news of his death to a wider public than will ever read his books, have spoken of his writing as the point of departure of "the modern movement." That is not quite accurate. Anatole France was unique in the modern world, great beyond the reach of envy or of imitation. In his work the widest extremes meet in choicest harmony. He combined a cloistered scholarship with the ripest worldliness. His favorite and most revisited characters were Bergeret, the professor who is also a socialist, and Coignard, the dissolute, unfrocked monk who is also a philosopher. A free-thinker, he wrote a devout history of Joan of Arc. His love of country is attested by his adopted name and all it signed; his love of justice by his defense of Dreyfus and Caillaux. He despised all honors and was a member of the Academy, an officer of the Legion of Honor, the recipient of the Nobel Prize. Many contemporaries objected to his appointment to the Nobel Prize on the ground that the terms of the award require that it be given to an idealist. Such are contemporaries.

THE resignation of Hussein as Caliph and King of the Hedjaz culminates and only partly resolves the Arabian tangle. The situation is confusing on the surface; fundamentally, it is much more confusing, since it arises, like most troubles in the East, from white man's bungling. During the stress of war the British inadvertently carried on two policies in Arabia at the same time. The India Office cherished a scheme for an Indian-Arabian state, for which it encouraged Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd and head of the fanatical Wahabi sect, to hold out. The Foreign office, on the other hand, opposed this with a plan for a pan-Arabic state, to be ruled by the Hashimite family, Hussein and his three sons. This so-called Sharifean policy of Churchill, Curzon and Lawrence won out. Not only did it bitterly antagonize the Indian Mohammedans and Ibn Saud; but it also failed to satisfy Hussein because, with the maintenance of the British Protectorate in Palestine and the French in Assyria, he found it incomplete. Disaffection of local populations in the various emirates added to the unlikelihood of peace.

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THEN, on the deposition of Caliph Abdul Mejid in Constantinople last March, King Hussein rashly assumed the Caliphate (the papacy of Islam) and the situation became intolerable. The Indian Mohammedans and many Arabian tribes opposed him; the Wahabis under Ibn Saud were infuriated. They took to arms. Last week their fanatical army reached the sacred territory around Mecca, and his appeals for British aid being vain, Hussein resigned the crown to his son Ali, Emir of Medina. Ali, by refusing all title to the Caliphate, was able to make an eleventh hour truce with the Wahabis which saved the holy places. Though Ali's accession relieves the situation by placating the fanatics and improving relations with England, to whom he is friendly, it leaves two large matters unsettled. One is the Caliphate, which is left hanging. In the absence of any leader upon whom the whole Moslem world can agree the Central Caliphate Committee in India has suggested that the holy territory of Mecca be administered by a representative government—an interesting echo of the Angora idea which it remains for the forthcoming all-Islamic Congress in Cairo to settle. The second problem is the loss of prestige and growing unpopularity of the Hashimite family through Arabia and Mesopotamia, where in many places the people are undoubtedly kept under only by threat of British force. Both matters promise a crop of unrest for the future.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Raymond V. Ingersoll was appointed (by the Governor's committee) impartial arbitrator for the adjustment of disputes between the International Ladies' Garment Workers and their employers. The appointment was an excellent one, and the trade was to be congratulated on securing such service as Mr. Ingersoll was qualified to give. Now comes the astounding news that Mr. Ingersoll with his arbitrator's seat hardly warm beneath him, has taken the job of managing Governor Smith's campaign for Greater New York. The objections to this confusion of functions hardly need to be stated. On the one hand, Mr. Ingersoll's power over the needle trades, however scrupulous he may be in exercising it, will inevitably be translated into votes. On the other hand, Mr. Ingersoll's mingling in campaign politics will cast doubt on his future rulings as arbitrator. In this office he is an important figure in an experiment designed to introduce judicial methods into the relations of capital and labor. In view of the novelty of the undertaking, its delicacy and its difficulty, those taking part in it should be above suspicion. To make a state appointed impartial arbitrator a campaign manager is like taking a judge from the bench for that purpose. No claim of party loyalty, no sense of political obligation can excuse such a sacrifice. It is one which Governor Smith should not have executed and Mr. Ingersoll should certainly not have made.

British Labor Steps Out

WITH the fall of the MacDonald government one of the most remarkable adventures in British Parliamentary history comes to its close. At a time of great political confusion in both domestic and international affairs a new party, entirely without experience in the exacting art of responsible government, was called on to assume power. In the last century and a half there have, indeed, been examples enough of new parties rising to power, but they have always carried with them a fair equipment of trained personnel and of principles taken out of the common stock of middle class ideas and aspirations. Labor stands for new political objectives, a new outlook upon life, with every contrast heightened for the uses of agitation, which had been the whole of its history. Even with a substantial majority in Parliament, Labor would have had grounds for grave misgivings in accepting the responsibility for government. As a minority government its position appeared hopeless from the start. There was no possibility of realizing any part of its own program. The most the party could hope to do was to wrap the course of events slightly toward the side of Labor while governing mainly in the interest and by the consent of the middle class parties. The Labor government was essentially a political receivership, made inevitable by the incompetence of the Conservative and Liberal parties. And no receiver can hope to wind up his job with heightened prestige.

There can be no doubt that Mr. MacDonald and his associates were well aware of the risks they were running when they undertook to form a government. They knew that their more impatient followers would be disillusioned by their failure to put through any substantial part of the Labor program. It was a choice between such inevitable disillusionment and the loss of prestige that would follow upon a refusal to accept governmental responsibility when it was within their grasp. They chose the former. The pending elections alone can show conclusively whether they have won an immediate net gain in popularity. Yet they have established a record that will stand them in good stead in the future.

Their principal achievement lies, naturally, in the field of foreign affairs, where the aspirations of Labor come nearest to harmony with the general aspirations of all intelligent Englishment. By his outspoken letter to Poincaré Mr. MacDonald went far toward transforming the dangerous suspicion that was growing up between England and France into an explicit discussion of diverging interests that might be handled in rational terms. It can hardly be doubted that the new color of Anglo-French discussion helped materially toward the triumph of Herriot over Poincaré. The acceptance of the Dawes plan without injurious modifications must be imputed chiefly to Mr. MacDonald's skilful diplo-

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macy. So, also, must the remarkable progress at Geneva toward a League strong enough to abate materially the risk of war. The problems of Ireland and India remain far from solution—farther than appears on the surface of the news—but no one is inclined to hold the MacDonald government to account for failing to square such circles as these. Bitter opposition has indeed arisen against MacDonald's Russian treaty, but the case against it in British public opinion is probably not so strong as might appear. Neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals manoeuvred to make the Russian treaty the occasion of throwing out Labor and thus the main issue of the elections.

Even his opponents are willing to accord to Mr. MacDonald the title of a great foreign minister. They say, however, that as Premier he has been a failure. In some points the indictment probably holds. Even from the distance of America it has been evident at times that the Labor government was not functioning as an organic whole, with complete understanding and common responsibility. There has been too much free lancing on the part of individual ministers, and more than a suspicion of cliques and factions. This situation would have had serious consequences if Labor had been in the normal position of a governing party, with ample parliamentary support behind it. Even with the alibi afforded by the conditions under which a minority government must work, it was only a matter of time until the existing internal stresses would make themselves felt. The interior organization of the government was in no position to stand a severe crisis, and there is reason to believe that there are grave crises ahead for any party which accepts the responsibility for the government of England.

First and foremost, Ireland is likely to make trouble. As everyone now realizes, the Irish boundary problem received in the original settlement a typical Lloyd George solution—that is, no solution at all. A commission has now been created to determine definitely where the Free State ends and Ulster begins. But Ulster has no intention of accepting the determinations of the commission unless they are inherently satisfactory to Ulster. Suppose that Ulster flouts the decision of the commission and the Free State undertakes to enforce it—what then? Shall England let Ireland fight it out, or shall she coerce Ulster? Either policy would go far toward ruining any British government.

Next is the German question. The French have indeed accepted the Dawes plan, and are ostensibly withdrawing their forces from the Ruhr. They are, however, free to take their own time about it, and a parliamentary crisis may arise any day and restore Poincaré and Millerand to power. What progress might then be expected toward the evacuation of the Ruhr, unless England applied pressure, and how can England apply pressure without returning to the old state of antagonism and suspicion between the two nations?

We may pass over the complications that may arise out of the unrest in India and Egypt, capable of testing the strength and adroitness of the most experienced British government. More pressing dangers lurk in the domestic situation. The problems of unemployment and the redistribution of the burden of taxation are not much nearer solution than they were when the Labor government came into power. It was no doubt expedient for Labor to deal with these problems in its first few months of power exactly as the Liberals or the Conservatives might have dealt with them. But Labor could not expect to satisfy the public by the same policy of inaction for which a Liberal or Conservative government would have been bitterly—though perhaps unjustly—condemned.

To put it baldly, the Labor government had come to the end of its rope. Many of its most astute supporters have believed that it should have sought an earlier occasion for delivering itself of specious honors it could not maintain. Mr. MacDonald, we presume, would have preferred to hold on a little longer and go out on some issue that would have solidified the ranks of Labor, such as a budget actually coming to grips with the land question, a reference to nationalization of mines in the King's speech, or even the Russian treaty. But he could have awaited such an occasion only by the consent of the Liberals, and it is plain that the Liberals saw no prospect of gain for themselves in consenting. The Liberals preferred an issue that should be too trivial to give any party a perceptible advantage in the elections. They succeeded in finding it in the dropping of the prosecution of an unimportant Communist deitor, whose foolish rantings contained not a scintilla of novelty or significance.

In their electioneering speeches the Labor supporters make much of the trivial quality of the issue. Their government was "murdered," they charge, not respectably defeated. The fact remains that MacDonald need not have put this chip on his shoulder; also the further fact remains that the Liberals, having made up their minds that there was no further profit in supporting Labor, would soon have found another issue, equally trivial and neutral. The opponents of Labor make much of the charge that Labor has inflicted on the country an election nobody wants.

Both charges are true. The Labor government was deliberately murdered, and the election is a nuisance. But it is also true that neither Labor nor the country could long have endured the present condition of affairs, in which no party has the support needed to carry through a consistent policy. However much of an evil an election may be, it is a necessary evil.

And if the outcome, as seems not unlikely, should be the return of the Conservatives with a working majority, not even the partisans of Labor will have much cause for regret. The Conservatives, more

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than any other party, are responsible for the tangled problems which now confront the nation. It is only fair that they should be forced to assume the responsibility for liquidating these problems, and to take the inevitable loss of prestige that will follow. Labor will be the more likely to return to power at a later day, with a better trained leadership and under better political auspices.

Programs and Periodicals

Sir: Because the New Republic is probably having a more far-reaching influence than you yourselves realize in directing political opinion, I should like to make one request of its editors.

If there has ever appeared since I have been reading your periodical a clear, succinct, even though only tentative, statement of position with reference to your program, the same has not come to my notice. It is possible to gain only by inference and implication just what your social and political program may be. Moreover, more or less continuous criticism alone—even though the same be ably and justly presented—is nevertheless just as unacceptable as a program for social and political improvement, as are the rotten-logged planks of the quadrenially repaired two platforms of our bankrupt parties. Abstract terms like liberalism, reform, progressiveness and the like give the politically ship-wrecked nothing tangible to cling to. Since there will doubtless always be imperfections and evils in the functioning of any socio-political system, the "man on the street" will, other things equal, choose that which promises the least amount of evil.

I should more particularly like some definite understanding for example, whether, as a champion of labor and its rights, you accept as its spokesmen Brother Gompers, Brother Quesse—the latter gentleman probably unknown in New York but only too well known in Chicago—or perhaps the illustrious Mr. Foster et id omne genus, or perchance all or even none of these.

Just what do you propose that we do in order that the lot of the farmer be ameliorated? After all the vicious capitalists, plutocrats and monopolists are in jail and the poor working man and even more to be pitied farmer have been properly cared for, tell me, pray, how will, say, a hard working journalist or a doctor or a school teacher, not affiliated with the A. F. of Labor fare?

Once again and finally, if you would that some of us deliberately accept the onus of nonconformism —a much politer word than pinkishness—it would appear to me that you owe us a surer footing than has been provided.

A Reader.

THE request which our correspondent submits to the editors of the New Republic is natural. Readers have frequently submitted it on previous occasions. It would be possible although difficult to return the kind of answer which the correspondent probably expects. It would be possible, that is, but difficult to sketch a political, economic and social program which the editors of the New Republic would propose to embody in legislation if by some miracle they were consulted about the government of the country. But they would not regard the framing of such a program as a task which properly belongs to people of their occupation, training, aptitudes and point of view. Their profitable work lies, they believe, in a somewhat different direction. According to their experience it is more difficult to practise this alternative theory of the New Republic's function and to convince sceptics of its value than to draw up a progressive program and to circulate propaganda on its behalf. Yet, whatever its difficulties of execution, it stands out in their minds as a job which very much needs to be done and is well worth doing.

Programs are instruments of political and economic action. Their appropriate authors are political, social or occupational groups whose members voluntarily come together for the purpose of asserting common interests, of exercising power or of convincing other people of the value or danger of proposed changes in social or political policy. One of the ways in which a people exhibits moral initiative and develops its aptitude for self-government is by giving birth to projects of this kind and by educating men and women who are capable of making them effective. It is out of the clash, the comparison, the adjustment and the revision of such group programs that a nation learns to know its own mind and to discover what its common purposes are and how they may be realized. It is overwhelmingly important that a society, particularly a democratic society, should be prolific in these children of the spirit. They form an indispensable and abundant source of political and social education.

Programs are, of course, activities which are projected but as yet unrealized. They supply the medium in which the customary conduct and ideas of a people are tested, adjusted, modified and transcended. But making programs and fighting for them is itself an activity. Like all activities, it tends to mold the people who are possessed by it into a particular form. Men and women who are trying to convince other people of the desirability of particular projects are usually confident that their proposed way is the good way and their preferred knowledge the true knowledge. They frequently go so far as to believe that their way is the only good way and their knowledge the only true knowledge. They are almost always struggling either to obtain or to keep the power which will enable them to impose their ways and projects on other people. They rarely conceive the program for which they are contending as an experimental activity which is to be tested by its results, and which, no matter whether it is wisely or unwisely framed and carried out, always produces results which alter the problem and call for its own subsequent modification. On the contrary they usually conceive it as the settlement or solution of an economic or political

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predicament. In many instances they act as if they believed it to be a settlement even though they might be chary of advertising the claim. The popular moral education in our society encourages men and women to pursue an habitual activity as if it were all-sufficient. Confirmed by this encouragement the program-makers usually devote all their moral and mental energy to the propagation of their projects and combating their opponents without pausing to watch and appraise their own performances as conscientiously as they do the performances of their adversaries.

It is the particular function of a journal such as the New Republic to stimulate self-watchfulness on the part of those people whose lives are dedicated to imposing their own ways and ideas upon other people. It seeks to protect the forgers of programs from the disaster which threatens them when the conduct of their favorite activity becomes automatic and unwary. The particular program is not only one of the instruments whereby societies accomplish necessary readjustments, but, as we have said, it is also an instrument which societies employ to make up their minds. It will not serve this second task unless the program-makers are kept conscious of the stumblings, the retreats, the misgivings and the mistakes as well as of the long marches and the glorious victories of their expeditionary forces. They need disinterested chroniclers and historians of their exploits; and that is the minor but still indispensable part which the editors of the New Republic seek to play. They are sometimes accused of being censorious, and no doubt the task of trying to keep reformers and propagandists aware of what their own performances may look like ten years thereafter does not always wear an amiable and sympathetic appearance. But in so far as it is censorious, the object of the censorship is not to discourage humane activities but to flex, to illuminate and finally to emancipate them.

Our correspondent suggests that criticism is no less inadequate as a program for social and political improvement than the platforms of the existing parties. But criticism is not a program at all. It is the method which those who believe in the envisagement of truth as the liberator of human life must invoke in the hope of making the program-makers aware of the tendency and meaning of their own performances. Although itself an important activity, it is not, of course, a substitute for more immediately practical specific activities. Its purpose is liberal and spiritual. It safeguards popular activities, whose embodiment in programs has rendered them articulate and aggressive, from remaining or becoming complacent, headstrong and merely mechanical. It may no doubt degenerate into mere fault-finding or even into a scepticism which takes the heart out of positive and innocent activities, but, if so, it is ignorant of its proper limitations and faithless to its purpose. Its purpose is to stimulate in men and women engaged in realizing social projects the practice of testing their own projects and processes with the same acid of scepticism and observation that they ask their adversaries to apply to projects in which they do not participate.

Criticism of this kind is not the enemy of spontaneous impulse and constructive human action. No positive activity has any right to take its virtue and adequacy for granted. Its virtue is born of the success of its maker in adjusting its movement to its surroundings and of his ability to profit from the lessons of this unfolding experiment. The virtuous social actor needs and tends to develop a state of mind which is both impulsive and wary, both confident and sceptical, both humble and self-assertive. The habit of being keenly and remorselessly aware of what one is doing does not discourage activity as such. It only discourages ill-adjusted activities which, because they tend to go astray, will not bear the strain of being honestly and dispassionately watched. By helping their authors to discover the cause of the aberration the habit of critical observation enables even those activities which start wrong to achieve some measure of success. But what is more important, it may transform practical activities, and particularly activities which are already informed by an articulate program into schools which build up in the individual actor character, discrimination and judgment. Every such project becomes an opportunity not merely of accomplishing a particular result, but of learning something by the experiment, and, above all, of adding something to the moral and intellectual stature of the participating human beings. The ultimate value to civilization of any social project such as a proposed war, a new or an old party, or some radical reforming agitation depends less upon the desirability of the particular end which the project seeks to achieve than upon the quality of the individual men and women which participation in it tends to bring to the surface. The practice of critically observing all behavior, but particularly one's own behavior, has the incidental result of preventing the actor from becoming obsessed by any particular activity and, consequently, of affording him at least the opportunity of using his experience to build up a balanced and flexible rather than a warped and rigid human being.

This conception of the most useful function of a journal like the New Republic does not, of course, exclude the framing and publication of temporary programs which are intended to attain an immediately desirable result. The New Republic has frequently used tentative projects of this kind to indicate the direction in which in the opinion of its editors a government or a party ought to move, but they have always avoided agitation on behalf of any particular proposal or group of proposals as the one way out. For not only is a program an experiment, but in politics and social reform it is a meaningless experiment unless a conscious organized group which possesses the power, the knowledge, the patience and the political skill to realize it are giving

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sufficient time and energy to its realization. A weekly journal by orginating and publishing such programs might conceivably contribute to their adoption at the hands of some conscious organized group, but in that case the vitality of the program would depend less upon its immediate technical adequacy than upon the competence of the group to agitate successfully for its realization, and, if necessary, subsequently to administer its legal provisions. The fatal difficulty with the programs of socialist and radical parties has always been the incompetence of socialists and radicals to train themselves for the formidable task of overcoming the obstacles which adverse conviction and rebellious facts continually raised against their march towards their goal.

Take, for instance, the case of the prevailing agricultural depression and agrarian discontent in the United States. The American farmer has for several years been the victim of economic processes which have only too often deprived him of the accrued result of a lifetime of labor and which he at the moment could not and the government would not do anything to ameliorate. Practically all well-informed students of the subject agree that the farmers, as an economic group, cannot exercise the needed control over the vicissitudes of their fate without organizing coöperatively for the marketing of their produce, the improvement of its quality and the purchase of their supplies. But the different people who agree in recommending coöperation differ sharply among themselves upon the steps which the government should take to assuage the grievances of the farmer before he can build up a coöperative organization which will give him increased economic security, and they are equally divided upon their interpretation of the social and political effects of coöperation. Congress has considered many legislative expedients for temporary relief, of which the most controversial but at the same time the most immediately promising is the McNary-Haugen bill. The New Republic has expressed its opinion again and again upon immediately important aspects of this controversy. It has considered the McNary-Haugen bill worth trying as a temporary expedient while recognizing its ultimate dangerous tendency. But it has never considered any one program as the way out for the farmer as entitled to much confidence. For no matter how carefully considered such a program would be, there is one obstacle which would hamper its success. It could not at present call to its assistance a group of farmers whose social and economic education had prepared them to operate a body of really salutary economic and political institutions.

American farmers have in the past looked upon themselves as individual capitalists, laboring and producing in the midst of a competitive economic system which, if they were industrious and fairly intelligent, would guarantee prosperity to them. It is essential for their own sakes that hereafter they should look upon themselves rather as the members of a working, economic group, whose future prosperity will depend upon a consciousness of their common interests and the development of an adequate method of asserting and realizing those interests. They cannot expect prosperity to accrue as the result of a rise in the value of land or the mechanism of an automatically beneficent economic system. It will accrue only as the result of their own labor in intelligent association with the labor of their fellow farmers plus the skilful use of their political power for the protection, the promotion and the adjustment of their group interests. The farmer's coöperative movement and a farmer-labor political party are from this point of view both necessary to the collection and the training of a conscious, organized agrarian group whose members will be equipped in the future to exercise a more effective control of their common economic destiny. Economic coöperation and joint political agitation are different aspects of the necessary process of re-educating the American farmer to an understanding of what his interests are, how they are related to the interests of other classes and in what way the adjustment of their interests with the equally important interest of other classes can be brought about. In so far as this re-education takes place a program for agrarian reconstruction will have created its necessary human instruments in the minds and characters of the farmers themselves.

The business of the New Republic, as its editors conceive it, is not to insist on programs which would, no matter how expertly conceived, fail unless they educate human beings capable of realizing them, but in general to stimulate in its readers a watchful state of mind towards social activities in which they participate. In so far as such watchfulness is practiced it will tend to convert those activities into schools for individual moral enlightenment.

We trust that this explanation will supply to our correspondent a clue to what the New Republic is driving at. Its editors conceive themselves as engaged in a task of criticism which only becomes fertile if it is carried on in a certain spirit and within certain limitations. Their task consists in playing upon the current events and issues of American life a stream of ideas which will help the readers of the journal to understand somewhat better what is going on and to share constructively in the activities. These ideas, if they are to be illuminating must be relevant, disinterested and faithful to the issue and to the event. But they must avoid being, as are the great majority of ideas in circulation, merely rationalizations of interests or of activities. Ideas are faithful to activities without becoming mere apologists for them in so far as the people who conduct positive activities adopt the practice of applying to their performances an indefatigably observant, dissatisfied, circumspect and alert mind. Such a life will as part of its normal functioning tend to secrete the truth which it needs for its own deliverance.

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Wasting Votes

PARTY leaders, having landed themselves into a position where, as in their hearts they well know, they cannot honestly urge voters to support their respective candidates as a matter of merit, appeal to the public not to "waste votes" by preferring La Follette. Inasmuch as—so they argue—the Democrats or the Republicans must in the end win, every voter ought as a sensible person to choose either the more meritorious or the less objectionable of the two. This ingenious plea, however, loses sight of the importance of disciplining both parties. To be sure, a failure to elect in November will prove a serious embarrassment to both the Democratic and Republican leaders; it will show that neither party possesses the confidence of the American people. But this is precisely what a very large body of intelligent voters are interested in showing. They know perfectly well that, if Coolidge gets a majority in the Electoral College, the result will be interpreted and proclaimed, not as a choice between evils, but as condonation of the Harding régime, and a positive endorsement of the President and his advisers. They know equally well that if Davis obtains a majority in the Electoral College his backers and the public generally will interpret the result, not as a victory for the less of two evils, but as an endorsement of the Democratic party and its record, whatever that may be held to be. The only way in which the public can show that it positively disapproves both parties is to prevent an election in November. So far from wasting votes, therefore, a vote for La Follette is as constructive an act as a voter can possibly perform in a country governed by universal suffrage. It will be affirmative instruction to both parties that they have been weighed and found wanting.

There is, however, another angle from which to view the voter's responsibility. Parties are instruments for the accomplishment of ends. From time to time these instruments wear out, and new instruments have to be created. That is the way in which the Republican party came into being. An issue which was irrelevant to the history, composition and leadership of the Whig party came to be the outstanding problem confronting American statesmanship. A new tool had to be forged. The Republican party was that tool. Its first candidate was far from measuring up to the seriousness of the issue. Frémont was a superficial and none too scrupulous adventurer. Men who voted for him "wasted their votes." It was, nevertheless the large vote cast, not for him personally, but for a new party that was pledged to prevent the further extension of slavery, that made it possible to elect Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency four years later.

A similar situation exists today. Neither the Democratic party nor the Republican party is by its history, organization or present personnel equipped to deal with the social and economic problems that weigh upon the modern world. The Republican party is one thing in the East and another thing in the West. The Democratic party is still, in the section which it controls, "ruled from the grave." Both parties need to be smashed in order that a new grouping may take place. There are those who believe that La Follette is himself competent to introduce a new political order; there are those who doubt it. But whether he is personally the Abraham Lincoln of the new movement or not, a large vote in his behalf may have precisely the same effect as the unexpectedly large vote which in 1856 was cast for Frémont. It may demonstrate even to our stupid politicians that there exists in this country a volume of resentment and of idealism which is going to find effective embodiment in a political party formed for the express purpose of giving it effect.

Whether it takes four years or twenty to achieve this result is a matter of minor importance. If the stalemating of one presidential election is not enough, we can calmly proceed to stalemate one or two more. It is more important that progressive-minded men and women be ready for their responsibilities when the time comes than that they should attain immediate success. They need the patience which inspired the English Labor party, appealed, to as it were, by both Tories and Liberals not to "waste votes," because Keir Hardie could not immediately win an election. Within a quarter of a century those "wasted votes" made the Government of England. Had the Progressive movement of 1912 been equally patient and objective, we might be as far advanced today as was the British Labor party in 1914. The Progressives of 1912, however, thought they had to win at once. Failing that, they had to make terms. The new movement will save itself from collapse, only if it dismisses any preoccupation with immediate success and devotes its energies to clarifying its purposes, and to persuading the people of America—no matter how long it takes—that a new instrument has to be created, in order to set up new ideals in American politics.

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What the Dawes Plan Will Do

THE Dawes Scheme was adopted by general consent. Everyone knew that it involved a loan to Germany, of which Great Britain would be expected to take up from a quarter to a third. The object of this loan was not to help Great Britain, but to provide a bait to secure the acceptance of the scheme as a whole by France and by Germany. She is, therefore, honorably committed to the loan, and it is not for her to back out on the ground that this is not the part of the scheme from which she, herself, gains direct advantage. This fact has been generally appreciated in London, and it is for this reason that the violent agitations of the Rothermere press against the loan have had no effect. The Bank of England has undertaken to float a fair share of the loan, and it is within the power of the Bank to see the matter through.

This being regarded as settled, we need not be afraid of speaking candidly about the prospects opened out by the Dawes Scheme. I will endeavor to answer these questions which are often asked.

1. *Is the Loan an essential part of the Experts' Scheme?*

Economically and financially—no; diplomatically and psychologically—yes. Since Germany is not expected to have an effective surplus for a year or more, the obvious course was to postpone for a year or more the date at which she should commence to pay. But this was not agreeable to France. It was disagreeable to French opinion out of proportion to the amount of money involved. It was deemed, therefore, to be worth the while of Great Britain and the United States, in order to gain French acquiescence, to take on their own shoulders the burden of the first batch of payments—particularly if this could be arranged on terms which would give a fair prospect of eventual recoupment from Germany. This was one-half of the diplomatic argument. The fact that popular opinion in Germany also attached importance to a foreign loan out of proportion to the amount of money involved furnished the other half. It is absurd, perhaps, that either German or French opinion should be swayed by the expectation of a loan, equal in amount to no more than what Germany is to pay over in the first eight months of the scheme (by next July Germany will have paid back to the Allies the equivalent of the whole proceeds of the loan—a loan which she will not have touched before the end of October), and equal to what Germany is supposed to be going to pay every four months forever, when the Dawes Scheme shall have come into full operation. But crowds are not clever at arithmetic. The Great International Loan has been talked about for years. It is the one matter on which France and Germany have always been agreed—the plan by which the Reparation Bill should be shouldered, in the first instance at least, by Great Britain and the United States. An appearance of some slight concession to this point of view had, therefore, both in France and in Germany, a decisive psychological influence.

2. *Will the Loan have an immediate and large effect in increasing Germany's competitive power in international markets?*

I do not think so. Both those who believe that the loan will restore Europe and therefore restore England, and those who believe that the loan will restore Europe and therefore destroy England greatly exaggerate its effect. The amount which the loan will place at Germany's free disposal is small compared with her need of working capital. It is probably less considerable than the sums which have been already invested in Germany during the past few months under the stimulus of high rates of interest. Nor can we expect that it will pave the way for private foreign investment in Germany of much larger sums at ordinary rates of interest. Counteracting considerations, of the kind to be examined below, will continue to deter foreigners from investing in Germany except as a speculation—that is to say, with the knowledge of risk but with expectations of possible profit on a corresponding scale.

The smallness of the sum which the loan will place at Germany's free disposal is due to a fact which is often overlooked. The new State Bank, imposed on Germany by the Dawes Scheme, is compelled to hold an amount, equal to 33 percent of its note issue and 12 percent of its deposits, in gold or in foreign banks. The existing gold reserves of the institutions which are to be consolidated into the new Bank fall considerably short of the amount thus required to cover the existing note issue and the existing deposits. Moreover, both of these are much below the levels of note issue and of deposits which Germany would need in normal conditions. It is difficult to estimate just what the circulation and the deposits of the new Bank will be. I calculate, roughly, that about a third of the loan would have to be left behind in the form of deposits in foreign banks, in order to bring the reserves up to the figures requisite in existing conditions. But more than the whole of it would be needed for this purpose if conditions were to return to normal. The Dawes Committee themselves seemed to contemplate that the bulk, if not the whole, of the loan should be used in this way, i.e., not to finance imports but to furnish a ground satisfactory to public opinion for an increase in the internal note-circulation. Probably, in practice, at least a half of the loan will have to be retained abroad to provide a margin for some immediate expansion in circulation and in deposits.

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Thus a considerable part of the sums raised for Germany in London and New York may never leave London or New York, but will remain deposited in those centres—or rather in New York. * In short, Germany will borrow money at (say) 8 percent and will simultaneously lend half of it or more back to the United States at (say) 2 percent. It is not plausible to suppose that this transaction will either injure Great Britain or vastly increase the quantities of cotton or copper or the like which Germany will be able to buy.

One important qualification to this remains to be mentioned. The new Bank is to be allowed, subject to virtual unanimity on the part of the members of its Governing Board, to let its reserves fall below the prescribed figure on the payment of a fine and the maintenance of a high bank rate. For example, with a bank rate of 10 percent per annum, the Bank could afford to pay a fine of 10 percent on its reserve deficiency, which, under the Dawes Scheme, would permit a reduction of the note reserve from 33 to 23 percent. Something of this kind may happen in practice—10 percent is, in fact, the existing bank rate in Germany. Nevertheless, on balance the loan cannot do much to relieve the existing stringency in Germany, since it is only on condition of a continuance of this stringency that most of it can be used. The tying up in this way of Germany's very limited liquid resources is a mistake in the Dawes Scheme.†

3. *Does the Dawes Scheme "settle" the Reparations Problem?*

The phrase "Dawes Scheme" has become an incantation inscribed on a closed sphere. The diplomatic solution has depended on a tacit agreement not to look inside or to ask irreverent questions. Almost everyone has connived at this, because no one could propose any alternative next step for the diplomatists. But those who believe that the Dawes Scheme is workable or settles the problem are certainly deceived.

The arguments in favor of accepting the Dawes Scheme as the next step were, and are, two: first, that under cover of it the French may leave the Ruhr; second, that an attempt has been made by its authors so to contrive that, as time goes on, it will itself furnish the demonstration of its own impracticability. But this is far from ridding us of the disease of Reparations. It gives us a short breathing-space, that is all. For, as a concession to diplomatic difficulties, the Dawes Committee has embodied in the scheme two fatal faults.

In the first place, they do not, in spite of the loan, allow Germany the respite which she needs. Germany's economic weakness is now attributable almost wholly to one single cause—the exhaustion of her liquid and circulating capital. The course of events during and since the war has reduced this factor of production to a level below what is necessary for efficiency by—at a guess—something like $2,500,000,000. It is impossible that this shortage should be made good mainly by foreign credits. The outside world might furnish up to (say) a quarter of it, over a period of time, at usurious rates of interest—that is to say, with an expectation of from 10 to 20 percent per annum, the payment of which is, in itself, a heavy burden. Foreigners will not invest large sums in Germany at normal rates of interest so long as the Dawes Scheme hangs over her. For the most part, therefore, the shortage cannot be made good in any other way than by Germany's own annual savings being allowed to accumulate at compound interest for a certain period. But this is not compatible with arrangements for skinning her annually. The Dawes experts might have given more attention to making provision for the replenishment of Germany's working capital. Many Englishmen fear that the Dawes plan will injure British industry, because, under it, Germany, subjected to the compulsion of foreign taskmasters in effective charge of the economic system of the country, will deluge their markets with the fruits of sweated and semi-slave labor. In short, they assume that the plan will work. Let them have no such fears. The plan will not work in its entirety; and that part of it which will be operative for a time may actually hinder the recovery by Germany of her full competitive strength.

In the second place, the Dawes plan pretends to erect a system which is not compatible with civilization or with human nature. It sets up foreign control over the banking, the transport, and the fiscal systems of Germany, the object of which will be to extract from the German people the last drop of sweat. In such circumstances every patriotic and public-spirited German will feel it to be his duty and preoccupation, henceforward, to do everything he can to bring this system to confusion and to an end. And if, by a miracle, the system were to work, it would not be long before most Englishmen, for various reasons, would desire the same thing.

No reparations will ever be obtained from Germany except such moderate sums, well within her powers, as she will voluntarily pay. The Dawes Scheme pretends to attempt more than this. Therefore it will fail. But I venture to think that the foreign controls and the elaborate machinery of the scheme have not been contrived by its authors in a spirit of oppression, but for the purpose of perfecting the demonstration, when the breakdown comes, that every possible precaution had been taken and that the breakdown, was, therefore, due to nothing else but the inherent impossibility of the task which had been set.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

London.

* English banks will not be able to pay interest on deposits at call repayable in gold (i.e., in dollars). Thus the bulk of Germany's additional reserves will have to be employed as New York call money.

† The Bank section of the Dawes Report is, technically, much weaker than the rest, and I am in full agreement with the responsible German authorities who have been criticizing its technical faultiness, notably Professor Kurt Singer and Dr. Hahn.

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Scholz of Reed

THE real tragedy of the death of a man like Richard Scholz, cut off at forty-three in the midst of his most important undertaking, is its utter irrelevance. Death is the most personal of the experiences of life. Upon it all the most intimate and tender and intensely human sentiments are focussed. A moment before, a man has been a leader envisaged by a cause and a crusade. A moment later the leader has become, by the humanizing circumstance of death, all mortal. He is now the friend, the husband, the father—in short, a man about whom sentiments cluster so richly that they threaten to obscure the work by which alone the leader would wish to be remembered.

Scholz was peculiarly liable to this confusion of sentiment with judgment. To most of the people with whom his duties as president of Reed College threw him into contact he must have appeared simply an unusually charming fellow. His first contribution to the college was to be exactly that. The "Scholz curriculum" came later. When he was asked to assume the direction of Reed the college was in a dying condition. Its first president and most of the brilliant staff he had gathered, upon the founding of the college ten years before, had resigned and departed to other longitudes. Its funds had been depleted by a series of financial accidents. But most important of all, at a time when imperative necessity required an immediate appeal for money, the college lay under a cloud of suspicion. The northwestern states, it will be remembered, were the scene of sanguinary battles during the war. In the cities great corporations were cutting lumber and building ships. In the forests the jacks were felling trees. The urban population was intensely war-conscious: loyal, truculent, uncompromising. The denizens of the lumber camps were class-conscious. Many of them were I. W. W.'s. There were strikes. The towns became the scene of bitter struggles, of blood-shed in fact.

The little college that was just getting under way on the outskirts of Portland, Oregon, when the war struck, was in a very real sense a casualty of the war. The Portland business men, the trustees of the Reed estate, who set it going had had the unusual wisdom to bring out a fiery young educator from an eastern university and to stand by while he gathered a group of scientists and teachers that has seldom been equalled in American colleges. They were "young men in a hurry." Now young men in colleges frequently differ with old men in business. Furthermore, they are apt to speak out in meeting. When it happens to be war-time, the effect is something like the escape of a high tension electric current. All this occurred. The result was an alignment of opposing forces, the final withdrawal of the president, the subsequent disintegration of his faculty and the passage of the college into a sort of receivership of a tiny residue of the old faculty, decimated, almost bankrupt and definitely stigmatized among the good people of Portland as pacifist, radical, patronizing and generally unsound.

Upon this scene Richard Scholz entered in April, 1921, to play the part of Prince Charming. His chief immediate qualification for the part was an irresistible smile. To suspect bolshevism in this handsome, graceful, soft-spoken young man, the popular professor of history from the University of Washington, would have been inhuman. The very skill with which he drove his 1918 Buick at brake-demolishing speed through the crowded streets of Portland (really a New England village grown suddenly into a metropolis) endeared him even to the traffic police. He made an immediate and complete conquest. It was love at first sight.

But first-sight love, though it is overpowering, is not a very discriminating sentiment, and Scholz had plans to carry out. It was no part of his intention to rest comfortably upon the soft bosom of universal adoration. He had come to Reed to build a college and he saw rightly enough that "love me, love my college" required a college to be loved. The first job was to reconstitute the faculty. To that end he set out upon a pilgrimage which has become the first hero-episode of the mature Scholz legend, returning with a bag of professorial game quite the equal of the first appointments of his predecessor. There was one conspicuous differenc, however. Through its first decade the college had run rather heavily to science. The prevailing theory was technological: the business of a college is to turn out men who are trained, professionally trained, to do things. Even the gymnasium had its professional significance. All went there for play and exercise, but some to become physical culture specialists. Now Scholz was a historian. His appointments, accordingly, ran to the social sciences and the humanities. The first bag contained a philosopher, an anthropologist, two men in literature.

A mere enumeration of departments, however, fails to tell the story. It was not a matter of preferring history to physics. There is also the question of what history, and to what end. Scholz was perfectly clear about it all, though whether his vision was ever fully revealed to his myriad admirers is open to doubt. He was not out to train historians. The whole professional ideal left him cold. Like Meiklejohn of Amherst, by whom Scholz had to some extent been influenced, he felt that the function of the college is to open up students' minds. What subjects are selected for emphasis depends upon what subjects do germinate and ought

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properly to fructify in the youth of contemporary America. He believed that our youth need to be awakened to the realities and the problems of their civilization. In short, history appealed to him as an educator for the same reason it had appealed to him as a student, because of what it can do to a man's mind.

Not that it always does. The history, the literature, the psychology must be taught not as disciplines but as adventures. A story from Scholz's apprenticeship illustrates the point. He had returned from his graduate study at Oxford and was teaching at the University of California, toiling along year after year in a subordinate position on a salary which a good stenographer would sniff at. This is the way universities have with never so brilliant youth, unless its subject happens to be the chemistry of explosives or the psychology of advertising, in which case the universities have to compete with Dupont and Cusack. An orthodox but conscience stricken department head was explaining a bit uneasily why he had been unable to recommend Scholz for promotion. Department heads are seldom as hard-boiled as their budgets would suggest. It seemed that Scholz's teaching had been severely criticized. Just how, inquired Scholz. "Well, I am told that your students do not learn facts," was the reply. "I doubt if any one of them could state, for instance, how many men fought in the battle of Marathon." "I should hope not," blithely replied the future college president. This is the crux of the matter. The emphasis upon the humanities at Reed was not for the purpose of turning out youngsters "who are up on dates and floor you with 'em flat;" it was to develop in students some sense of the meaning of history, ancient and modern.

The curriculum which was to realize this modest ambition was the first year's crop of the reconstructed Reed community. It was a bold sketch. A great university would have pondered over it for a couple of decades. President Butler would have sent missions of inspection to all the seats of learning of all the elderly nations. But these men were too young and too near the Pacific to be dampened by lack of precedent. They held it to be self-evident that academic departments are artificial barriers against the unity of knowledge, that the addition of credit units does not constitute an education and that the way to get away from such things is simply to do something else. So they formulated a scheme—President Scholz, egged on by his rampageous young faculty.

Generally speaking, the scheme was composed of two elements, not counting audacity: the unity of knowledge and the freedom of learning. Freshmen were to begin with the universe and work out, and they were to find their own way. As Scholz once remarked to the Association of American Colleges, "We have no right to take the interest out of the life of the student." The idea was simply that all the faculty should pool its work for the lower class students, and that all upper class students should be treated as adults. They might register for formal courses or not, as they chose. Whatever courses they took were to be cemented into a solid block by special reading and study poured in and around and between, as needed. The student's accomplishment was to be estimated as a whole by general (doctoral) examinations, and expressed as a whole in a consummating (doctoral) dissertation. The whole thing was very simple. The tiny faculty of the ridiculously undermanned little college undertook to supervise the independent research of three hundred candidates for an undergraduate doctor's degree!

But the audacity of the undertaking was an expression not so much of fatuousness as of disillusionment. Experimental freedom might be sloppy and raw; no doubt it would be. It could not by any conceivable collapse be as abysmally empty as the ancient pattern it left behind. There was something intensely personal in this reaction. Young men have too vivid a recollection of their own cramping to the Procrustean curricula of their undergraduate days to set much store by any rigid formula. Scholz in particular had suffered acutely from the precision of American education. As a boy he had gone from a Milwaukee home to the University of Wisconsin with a truly German zeal for learning. He was naturally bilingual and had taken to his high school classics with avidity. The university presented itself to him as an endless vista of delightful vocabularies, grammars and pronunciations. He ate it up. His scholarship was distinguished. Phi Beta Kappa decorated his bosom. His classical attainments marked him for appointment to the first bevy of Rhodes scholars, and so he was dropped into Oxford, a university without a curriculum. It was a soul-blasting experience. The chosen product of the American system could prepare lessons, but he did not know how to read. What to do when there were no syllabi and no assignments was a complete mystery and an intensely humiliating one. He learned; but he never forgot. From that moment it became his mission to his countrymen to teach them to study without blinders. Reed was the fulfillment of a passion.

Of course the fulfillment did not come without a struggle. The opposition we have always with us. For Scholz it was the men of the earlier harvest, the erstwhile receivers of the wreck of the first adventure. When after a year of planning the time came for a commitment, in the spring of 1922, he called a meeting of the faculty, presented his proposals in full and ran into something very like a pitched battle. Report has it that the president had schemed out his curriculum in pictorial form on the blackboard. But what was plain to the eyes of faith appeared loose and formless where inspiration was lacking. Doubts developed. Exposition warmed into heated argument. The chair waxed partisan.

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At the climax of the proceedings, one of the older men rose and resolutely wiping the president's inscription from the board, proceeded to substitute his own notion of a properly rigorous education for rebellious youth black with original sin. Result, explosion! The curtain of adjournment was drawn upon an open fight. Subsequently a committee dexterously managed by the professor of philosophy, himself an academic diplomat with presidential experience, took the curriculum out of politics and put it into action for trial by ordeal.

This was the second episode of the hero legend. The third occurred last spring, student government rampant on the field of an endowment campaign. The acute and long-standing necessity for funds required a "drive." This move had been cautiously planned for 1924. Upon the completion of the preliminary negotiations for contingent gifts and preparatory donations, the begging committees descended on the affluent citizens of Portland. But academic panhandling is a delicate business. At once the old suspicions of the college began to smoulder defensively. It was discovered that certain professors had lectured at the Workers' Party (communist!) hall. Some said that female smoking was countenanced at Reed. The lecturing professors may have prayed for martyrdom, but it was the girls who caught it! Tyranny over the young was as remote as Greenland from Scholz's program. As a matter of obvious corollary to all his educational ideals he had supported student self-government and scouted the regulation of student life by meticulous prescription. Nevertheless, endowments must be got. Sadly Scholz asked the girls to coöperate for the sake of larger things. He got prematurely out of bed after a major operation. The girls acceded. But it rankled.

The crisis came, of all things in the world, over vaccination. A case of smallpox turned the medical authorities loose. The heavens thundered that the students must be vaccinated. But to thunder at adolescents is a mistake. It only puts their backs up. Up they went. A situation developed that culminated in a flare of insubordination. At the critical moment the president was absent in California, and the old receivers, always sensitive to "faculty prerogative," bared their arms for a victim. The student council, vested with jurisdiction by constitutional right, stood its ground supported by the opinion of the younger faculty, and what began in heat over casual insubordination ended in a long-drawn battle over the merits of student self-government. The ancient suspicion whirled about undergraduate wickedness as a vortex. Specific charges of moral abandonment were made and utterly disproved, shifted and disproved again. The campus seethed. Finally the student council completed an encyclopedic and wholly reassuring report upon student morals which the coöperating faculty committee, in which youth predominated, endorsed with "accept this or we resign." Again, as in 1922, the faculty met to pass on fundamental policy. And for a second time President Scholz rose prematurely from an operation to attend. But this time his program of treating the undergraduate as an adult was cleanly approved by an overwhelming majority of his faculty.

This was his last important scene. After a brief interval, commencement and the continuous burden of an unraisable endowment, he went back to the hospital for a third operation from which he did not recover. His death darkened the city. People of all ages and all shades of opinion gathered in memorial services to honor their dear friend. Editors who had just now been raising their eyebrows at his peculiar and romantic notions of education poured out their choicest obituary compliments. The whole atmosphere breathed the passing of a hero. Justly so.

Nevertheless I maintain that all this is irrelevant. The work counts, and the work is still unfinished.

C. E. Ayres.

Why I Shall Vote for La Follette-VI

"I CANNOT say that I am in the slightest degree impressed," Huxley told this country at Johns Hopkins in 1876, "by your bigness, or your material resources, as such. Size is not grandeur, and territory does not make a nation. The great issue, about which hangs a true sublimity and the terror of overhanging fate, is what are you going to do with all these things." Fifty years of the most feverish preoccupation with material development in the world's history, with its accompaniment of appalling social and industrial problems, have made Huxley's prescient inquiry the most pervasive and exigent question in American politics. Not that politics alone should be expected to furnish relief; not even that political action can supply the chief forces for the making of a truly civilized commonwealth. But politics must be looked to for a good deal, not so much through the specific acts of government as in the ideals which it pursues and the spiritual atmosphere which it helps to generate. And the instruments of politics are parties.

I belong to the increasing body of Americans who cannot forget that parties are instruments, because we are not tied to parties by bonds as obstinate and irrational as ties of church. For us, during the last two decades, each presidential election has brought with increasing emphasis the question: to what ends

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are the two old parties instruments? Bryce asked this question with his inveterate persistence. Listen to the answer:

> Neither party has, as a party, anything definite to say on these issues [which one hears discussed in the country as seriously involving its welfare;] neither party has any cleancut principles, any distinctive tenets. Both have traditions. Both claim to have tendencies. Both have certainly war cries, organizations, interests enlisted in their support. But those interests are in the main the interests of getting or keeping the patronage of the government. Distinctive tenets and policies, points of political doctrine and points of political practice have all but vanished. They have not been thrown away, but have been stripped away by time and the progress of events, fulfilling some policies, blotting out others. All has been lost, except office or the hope of it.

No candid student of American politics would gainsay this picture except to paint it even darker than it was when Bryce wrote. As a believer in a two-party system I want two parties which will correspond to basic political realities which divide men, broadly speaking, into those who think things are substantially all right or fear to change them, and those who are greatly perturbed by the present day economic and social tendencies of this country, and are eager for the high adventure of bringing society through slow, persistent, disciplined thinking and action nearer to what things ought to be.

> The true principle of a free and popular government would seem to be so to construct it as to give to all, or at least to a very great majority, an interest in its preservation; to found it, as other things are founded, on men's interest . . . The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable, if the tendency of the laws was to create a rapid accumulation of property in few hands, and to render the great mass of the population dependent and penniless . . . Universal suffrage, for example, could not long exist in a community where there was great inequality of property.

So wrote Daniel Webster in 1820. A hundred years later "great inequality of property" is the most significant characteristic of our social-economic life. Its most devastating consequence is the permeation of the whole American life with material standards and material preoccupations. The federal statistics of income drily tell the tale, but only partly, as figures do. Out of 6,787,481 who filed income tax returns for 1922 (the last available year) 5,003,155 reported incomes below $3,000, and 6,193,270 incomes below $5,000; while 4,031 had incomes above $100,000, 1,860 over $150,000, 537 above $300,000, 228 above $500,000, and 67 above $1,000,000 per year. Beneath these quiet figures lie the most pulsating problems of American society.

I do not know the answers to these problems, but I do know there *are* answers. I also know that the indispensable step to the solution of a problem is the recognition that there is a problem. Neither, for instance, of the two parties, however, faces the issues. Neither has a conception of social aims through taxation. The Republican party is frankly stand-pat—things are all right. To the Democracy, also, things are all right, only those who administer them are not. What the country needs is "honest" Democrats and, doubtless, William J. Bryan would add, "deserving Democrats." The Republican and Democratic parties do not face the issues because there are no differences in realities cutting across the two parties. They each represent unreal cohesions, because they are both organized appetites kept alive by the emotional warmth of past traditions. The "solid South" is at once the single greatest cohesive factor of the Democratic party and in turn explains the outworn survival of the G. O. P. The "solid South" is thus the greatest immoral factor of American politics, and to the extent that Northerners help to perpetuate it they are accomplices in all the evils that flow from it. But with the rapid industrialization of the South, the increasing migration of negroes to the North, with our new immigration policy and its inevitable repercussions upon politics and industry, one need not be foolish or fanciful to look for a realignment in political affairs which will, in Woodrow Wilson's phrase, "uncover realities."

At all events, one's duty is to make the effort and not wait to join the winning team. If it had not been for the Frémont campaign in 1856, there could have been no Lincoln in 1860. If it had not been for Keir Hardie and the work of the Fabians, there could have been no British Labor party, but there might have been disastrous revolutionary interludes in England. The La Follette candidacy represents a determined effort to secure adequate attention for the great interests of the workers and of agriculture in those economic and social compromises which, in the last analysis, underlie all national action. "Different interests necessarily exist in different classes of citizens" the Fathers wrote in the Federalist, and the security of the state depends upon fair representation, as a basis of fair adjustment of the various interests. Labor and agriculture require more consideration and a better understanding, not because any class is to be coddled but only because thus will national needs be satisfied. Adequate regard for the men and women who make up what we glibly call "labor" and "agriculture," and for the whole national economy that lies behind them does not at all mean amelioration through legislation. Much more important are the influences which will flow from educating public opinion, generally, to the claims and needs of labor and agriculture by recognizing their just position in the state. The greatest source of hope behind the La Follette candidacy is that unlike the Progressive campaign of 1912 which was after all the reflex of a great personality, the present Third party movement was impelled by the insistencies of great

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bodies both of labor and of agriculture. It is rightly founded, as Webster put it, "on men's interest."

Foreign policies cannot be dissociated from the ideals and policies of a country at home. International relations mean international neighborliness. A national policy that will avoid the irritations, the injustices, the suspicions which create the atmosphere of hostility which breeds war is the surest international policy for peace. Both the Republican and the Democratic parties have failed in this respect because they have both pursued unworthy material interests in unworthy ways. Inevitably, the Democratic candidate has adopted "the silent treatment," to which he objects in the President, when it comes to our conduct towards Latin-America, because both parties have an identic record of economic imperialism. This country under the guidance of both the Republican and Democratic parties has proven itself an exploiting neighbor, because of the false economic emphasis of our international policy. The Democratic candidate, who is silent about Mexico, Haiti and Santo Domingo, and oil in foreign parts, is greatly disturbed that "the English guns definitely outrange ours," and that our fleet is only as big as Japan's and smaller than the British! Did Mr. Davis learn something as ambassador to Great Britain that makes him want to arm us against her? Surely, we have here the revelation of a mind characteristically conventional. War with Great Britain will be avoided only if we are determined in the very marrow of our bones that war is an intolerable and therefore inadmissible mode for settling inevitable controversies. Is it seriously tenable that the hopes and the interests which are behind La Follette are, to put it mildly, less likely agencies for peace than those represented by the governing forces in the two old parties?

But what of La Follette himself? I am not voting for him for his sake. I do not regard him as a Messiah. Belief in political Messiahs is one of the greatest drawbacks to realizing that we ourselves, the man and woman in the street, must come to grips with our difficulties. But I welcome La Follette as a fit symbol of the movement which he leads. I do not believe in all his specifics; I am indifferent to others. But specifics by a party out of power are really unimportant because necessarily they are somewhat academic and artificial. Behind such proposals is lacking the vivifying impact of responsibility. What matters in a statesman is his direction, his general emphasis and outlook. Senator La Follette's direction is revealed by forty years of public service. His aim has been consistently to give deeper meaning and scope to the masses of men, to make the commonwealth more secure and enduring by resting it on a broad basis of independent, trained and contented citizens. These are his aims. He has pursued them with unflagging devotion to the resources of reason. Nowhere does the university so permeate the life of a state as it does in Wisconsin. That is an achievement of which Senator La Follette was the guiding spirit. Probably no other man in public life today compares with La Follette in the extent of his reliance on disinterested expertness in the solution of economic and social questions.

Those of us who have no particular economic bias and who are least preoccupied with economic interests owe it most to bend our disinterestedness and our intellectual discipline to the solution of pressing economic-social problems. It is peculiarly up to us to supply the temper of goodwill and the courageous persistence of the inquirer. This election is important, more because of the forces in our national life that may permanently be encouraged or discouraged than because of any specific acts of the next administration. If clarification of American politics through the formation of a new party is required to make our politics more honest and more real, then all the talk of "throwing one's vote away" is the cowardly philosophy of the bandwagon. Our duty is to help give cohesion and direction to the groping forces behind La Follette. The road ahead is long and steep; the goal is in the dim distance. When we attain it, others from there will start for a new goal.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

(This is the sixth of a series of articles. The seventh will appear in an early issue.)

Personae Mutae

Oh Coignard, Déchatre,
Often evoked Pierre,
Grim Crainquebille!
When you bear the pagan mold
Of Anatole France
To its pantheon of silence,
That cortège
Will be the apogee of irony
Of his passional years,
For in you will be his voice!

KATE BUSS.

One Flesh

If there were modern magic, she would turn
Into a bullet, cursing, in her pride,
The puny element that let her burn
So hot for impact, so ungratified.
For she knew what she wanted—she would die
Against a rock too strong for her to move,
In battered ripping bitter ecstasy
Kissing the fierce stone body of her love.

But he would be a dull-green lump of sponge,
Soft as wet weeds across her rage, to heal
The threshing fever, check her savage plunge,
Embed in ooze the desperate crying steel—
—Or else an ashy heap of sand, to choke
Her madness with his dusty yellow cloack.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

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The Umpire State

THE self-styled popular plumber, John T. Wharton, came into Elmer Durkin's place at twilight in search of relaxation and nicotine. Weather, baseball and health having been disposed of, the talk slumped into the political situation.

"The dopesters all agree about one thing," said Elmer.

"For Heaven's sake, what?" asked the surprised plumber.

"It all hangs on the decision of New York—the Umpire State. The way things stack up in this three-handed game, the guy that loses New York won't draw anything for his hard work but a blister. Of course, Wilson scraped through without it in 1916, but there was no La Follette crime wave messing up the scenery that year. If Davis doesn't get New York to put with his Dixie bloc, he's strictly on the blink, because I hear there are places out in the cow country where they're already sticking Democrats in a museum and charging so much a look. And if Coolidge can't snag it, he's due for a long visit with Pa and the cheese pail. Then you'll hear my barber shop tenor warbling, 'He ain't goin' to reign no more.'"

"New York isn't the whole works, Elmer."

"Sure, I know, but that old forty-five calibre looks as big as a Bertha, especially if you count in New Jersey where so many of the Broadway boys do their heavy sleeping and voting. Fifty-nine votes may not be such a much if you need 266 to qualify, but believe me, John, it's a whole lot better than a poke in the eye.

"The politicianers are hep to it now, all right. They've heard the East a-callin'. There's going to be enough oratory spilled in these parts to inflate the ZR-3. When those face-shooters get to doing their stuff, it'll listen like a quiet afternoon in Herrin, Illinois.

"That's why everybody is tearing their shirt about the governatorial election. Generally who's parking his dogs on the mahogany at Albany don't mean any more in the young lives out west than the money squabbles of the Gould family, but if the Governor can pull the main squeeze through with him that's another kettle of poor fish.

"Speaking of poor fish, John—that's a tough assignment they've wished on young Teddy Roosevelt. If I was a young bird trying to make my way in the world, would I start my career by pasting Jack Dempsey one in the beezer? I'd probably end up with my future all behind me. And if the second T. can come out of this without a flock of cauliflower ears, he's got more class than he's shown up to yet."

"Just because Al Smith is the governor——"

"He's worse than a governor, John—he's a habit. Down Manhattan way he's practically a disease. And now Al has given up the soft life of a truck-driver to make New York safe for Democracy. All the big cheeses of the party are going to rally round the flagstones. They say Davis is due to wind up his campaign in Carnegie Hall about November first, but take it from me, that's a little late to wind up anything if you want to to run this year.

"So the lamps of the nation are on Roosevelt, and that's a thing he hates like a kid hates hot dogs. What's he got anyway? He packs along a name that sticks to the mind without the aid of a memory course, a lot of pep, a raft of inexperience, a good record in the army and a bum record in the navy."

"They say he wasn't really to blame for that oil business, Elmer. He was only a messenger boy."

"From messenger boy to governor in one year! That would be going some. Sounds like good blah for the American Magazine.

"He might get away with it at that. Anybody that went as dippy as New York did about the Prince of Wales has no license to crab his act. All he has to do is to show the world that he's not an echo and still not let them forget the Big Noise. He put it all in one mouthful the other day. 'We have a saying in our family that every tub must stand on its own bottom.' What does he mean, 'our family?' I bet your old think-tank registered teeth and spectacles when you heard that one.

"Did you give his line of goods the once-over? 'We Republicans are wise guys but our opponents are all balmy in the bean. Us for the White House; them for the bughouse. We are one hundred per cent pure, but if there's a Democrat in the house, watch your hat and coat. I'm for deeds not words and ten speeches a day. Me and Coolidge, rah! rah! rah!'

"Does that get him a free ticket up the river? Search me. Up north of the Bronnix there are about forty thousand square miles of folks who take their G. O. P. straight. They think God is a Republican and works in a bank. There might be enough of those bush-leaguers to put Coolidge on Easy Street, even if T. R. fails to make the grade.

"Anyway, New York is going to see a lot of loud and hungry faces before it's all over. For all I know the idol of the deaf and dumb club may come over and shed a few thoughts himself."

"I think he's carrying that silence stuff too far," said Mr. Wharton. "Temperance is one thing but total absence is something else again."

"If I was Coolidge," Elmer replied, "I'd sue myself for non-support."

FELIX RAY.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Frank H. Simonds and Pomerania

SIR: In a recent issue of the New Republic Frank H. Simonds protests against doing a flagrant injustice to 755,000 Poles in Pomerania. He quotes from the Polish census of 1921 to prove that there are 755,000 Poles in Pomerania! In 1900 there were *in* West Prussia *1,000,000 inhabitants* speaking German as their mother tongue, while about 500,000 spoke Polish, Masurian, etc., as their mother tongues, indicating that the German speaking population was two to one of the non-German speaking population.

"Why should the New Republic," he says, "protest vehemently against the transfer of 300,000 German-speaking Tyrolese in the Upper Adige to Italy, oppose with the last earnestness the transfer of 750,000 Germans in the Saar to France, and then advocate the surrender of 755,000 Poles to Germany? Agreeing absolutely as I do with the New Republic's attitude in the two former questions I find myself puzzled in the last."

I find myself puzzled, too, very much puzzled. Can Mr. Simonds refer us to a single line in his voluminous writings where he protests, of course not "vehemently," but even mildly, against the transfer of 300,000 German-speaking Tyrolese to Italy or the transfer of 750,000 Germans in the Saar to France? I do remember an article in which Mr. Simonds not only does not protest against the transfer of 750,000 Germans in the Saar to France, but defends such transfer on the ground that the Saar was taken from France by Prussia in 1815!

"Again," says Mr. Simonds, "we must recall the circumstances under which Prussia acquired Pomerania in the first place; it was of course, by virtue of the odious First Partition of Frederick the Great, one of the most cynical and evil transactions in history and the precedent for much greater evils in the succeeding years. Historically, ethnologically and by the will of the people concerned Pomerania belongs to Poland." *Ye giants, gods and infant fishes!* Surely Mr. Simonds knows that Pomerania proper has not belonged to Poland since the Dark Ages. Pomerellen (sometimes called Pomerania parva), taken by Polen in 1470, was acquired by Prussia in the First Partition. Every right-thinking person will agree that that partition was odious, about as odious as some of the territorial provisions of the Versailles Treaty, except that the partition was perhaps more frank and honest in its disregard for justice than the blatant hypocrisy perpetrated at Versailles.

"By the will of the people." Can Mr. Simonds tell us when this will of the people was expressed? Even in the shadow of Polish and French bayonets the people in Upper Silesia voted two to one for belonging to Germany and in every instance on the eastern front in former German territory, where the people were allowed to express their will as a bloc, they decided for Germany —a curious commentary on German oppression.

But supposing that Pomerellen and even all of West Prussia should "on historic and ethnologic grounds" belong to Poland, should not then Alsace belong to Germany on equally good "historic and ethnologic grounds?" Thus says the Encyclopœdia Brittanica (1910, Vol. I, p. 755): "In the fifth century came other Germanic tribes, the Alemanni and then the Franks, who drove the Alemanni into the south. Since that period the population in the main has been Teutonic, and the French conquests of the seventeenth century, while modifying this element, still left it predominant. The people continued to use a German dialect, as their native tongue, though the educated classes also spoke French." But such is the mind of the propagandist that what is good logic and good sense and "good historic and ethnologic grounds" in one case is not admitted to be so in a similar case.

Again says Mr. Simonds: "I need not recall to the mind of the editors of the New Republic the record of German persecution of the Polish population of the east during the whole period of the nineteenth century and continued not only down to the World War, but since the making of peace." With the first statement we all agree, all except German propagandists. That there have been persecutions of Polish minorities in Germany since the war is probably true, but if so, the Poles and French have it in their power to stop such persecutions. But has Mr. Simonds heard of persecutions and oppressions of German minorities by Poland, attested to by neutral observers and protested against by Germany not once but often? But of course the only persecutions to be tolerated are French and Polish persecutions, at least so thinks Mr. Simonds.

AMANDUS JOHNSON.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Capital Punishment

SIR: Those of your readers who live in or near New York will be interested to learn of a debate Sunday afternoon, October 26th, at Manhattan Opera House, between Clarence Darrow and Judge Alfred J. Talley, of the New York Court of General Sessions. Its subject will be, Resolved: That capital punishment is a wise public policy. Mr. Darrow will uphold the negative and Judge Talley will argue the affirmative. Mr. Louis Marshall will preside, and it is hoped to have Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing, who has witnessed over one hundred executions, as temporary chairman.

SYMON GOULD.

New York, N. Y.

Men, Dogs and Newspapers

SIR: I am shocked to see that you permit Chester T. Crowell (August 27) to repeat a certain silly saying as though it were, or ever had been, sense: "If a dog bites a man, it isn't news; if a man bites a dog, it's big news." Mr. Crowell, like every other intelligent newspaper man, knows that Charles A. Dana cannot have given it as a rule of the craft to a cub reporter. It must have been invented by an enemy downtown, for after all Dana was a great editor.

There are hardly any imaginable circumstances in which a man's biting a dog could be news. But if a dog were to bite Mr. John W. Davis or Babe Ruth or Lillian Gish or even any mayor or his débutante daughter, it would be among the biggest news. Whenever I hear a journalist foolishly coming out with this particular piece of rubbish I know he has never given a thought to his job.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

London.

Mr. Preserved Smith's Erasmus

SIR: Are reviewers to be held to the same standards of accuracy which they demand of authors whose works they review? If so, may I beg a little of your space to comment on Professor E. K. Rand's notice of two recent works on Erasmus, a notice which appeared in your issue of October 1? Recognizing the article as an able one, I am even more grateful for the just criticism by which I have learned something than I am for the praise which the reviewer has thought fit to bestow on some portion of my efforts. But fairness to the readers of the New Republic impels me to point out that zeal for the honor of the classics has driven Professor Rand into certain misconceptions of my attitude, and that the Nemesis dogging the footsteps of those who with too great assurance point out the faults of others, has entangled him in an extraordinary number of misstatements. He is wrong in attributing the English translation of Huizinga to P. S. Allen; it is by F. Hopman. He is wrong in calling me "Preserved H. Smith"; my name is Preserved Smith. If, like him, I reckoned every misprint as "a gross error, besmirching the page and mangling the text," I might point to such a slip on page 9, line 14 from the bottom. He states that there are fourteen errors "in punctuation or the form of words" in my edition of Erasmus's poems; but Dr. P. S. Allen, whose authority in these matters is superior to Professor Rand's, having compared my edition with the original manuscript, has not found fourteen errors, nor anything like that number. Professor Rand finds fault with my translation of "cithara" as "guitar"; but not only is "guitar" given in Harpers' Latin Dictionary as the translation of "cithara," but the two words are but variations of the same Greek noun. Professor Rand cavils at my statement that "few works of high merit had been produced in any European vernacular" before 1500; and indignantly asks whether high merit may not be predicated of the Song of Roland, the Romance of the Rose, and the works of Dante, Chaucer, Boccaccio and Petrarch. Dense as is my ignorance of the Middle Ages, I had heard of, and even read, these books before, and I had attributed high merit to them; and *therefore* I did not write that *no* works of high merit had been produced before 1500, but that only a few had been produced. Other statements of the reviewer are open to contradiction; but to sustain my opinion against his would take more space than you would allow. I merely wish to caution the reader that a patronizing attitude towards other scholars is not a guarantee of a critic's infallibility.

PRESERVED SMITH.

Cornell University.

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Subversive Miss Alcott

IT is a humorous reflection that Louisa M. Alcott did not like girls. When her publishers asked her to write a book for girls she complied reluctantly, with more of an eye to the price than the pleasure, though of course she did not slight her duty to be a wholesome influence. "I plod away, though I don't like this sort of thing. I never liked girls or knew many," she wrote. Whereupon Little Women became a best seller before it was a week off the press, and a classic before its second half was written. When the second half did come out, and it appeared that Jo had turned down Laurie, and that the minx Amy had caught him on the rebound, there was such great excitement that several young persons are said to have gone to bed with a fever. Miss Alcott feared at one time that her book contained too much "lovering," but this the young folks denied, and even their elders did not feel called upon to disapprove. "No mother fears," wrote a feminine critic, "that Miss Alcott's books will brush the bloom of modesty from the faces of her young men or maidens,"—an assertion anyone will support who has read Professor Bhaer's proposal to Jo under the umbrella, or Laurie's to Amy in the rowboat.

" 'How well we pull together, don't we?' said Amy. . .

" 'So well, that I wish we might always pull in the same boat. Will you, Amy?' very tenderly.

" 'Yes, Laurie!' very low.

"Then they both stopped rowing, and unconsciously added a pretty little tableau of human love and happiness to the dissolving views reflected in the lake."

Now there is a young girl—I might almost say a young woman—of thirteen among my acquaintance, who is not by any means old-fashioned. She dances whatever is latest and talks the fashionable divorce and likes to get sermons over the radio because they sound so silly. Yet I found her once sunk in a chair, her long legs bridging the gap to a table, with an ancient battered Little Women in her lap.

"I read it every year," she said.

There you are. Miss Alcott didn't like girls, but she wrote a book that was immediately read—laughed and cried over is the proper way of saying it, I believe—by every little girl in America. Our insurgent age has discarded nineteenth century New England with a great fanfare, yet here is our hopeful youth addicted to the double distilled essence of New England, to the very thing we were at such great pains to get rid of for their sakes. The fact is that Little Women and Little Men, those late classics, are classics still. "They touch," Miss Cheney says, "the universal heart deeply." And so it would appear, for here are Little, Brown and Company bringing out a brand new edition.*

The question is Why? Why do people republish these books? Why do small girls with the freedom of Sheik fiction and the films read them? Take Little Women. The characters are perfectly categorical—each patterned on a simple formula like this: Mr. March, father, philosopher and friend; Mrs. March, Mother and All That Stands For; Meg, fastidious womanliness; Amy, a perfect little lady; Beth, angel in the house. Even Jo is not the person to cut much ice with the current 'teens. At least you'd not think so. She is a tom-boy according to her lights:

" 'We are a pretty jolly set, as Jo would say,' said Meg.

" 'Jo does use such slangwords!' observed Amy . . . Jo immediately sat up, put her hands in her pockets and began to whistle,"—not such a tomboy as would take the breath of a first-team forward. And look at Meg married to her steadfast John and safely on the shelf,—"the sort of shelf on which young wives and mothers may consent to be laid, safe from the restless fret and fever of the world . . . and learning, as Meg learned, that a woman's happiest kingdom is her home, her highest honor the art of ruling it,"—a fine popular doctrine for the age of equality and economic independence.

The so-called plot holds few apparent thrills for a generation raised on Fairbanks. Miss Alcott herself admitted it was not "sensational," and at that she exaggerated. Except for the uncomplicated chronicle of their loves and marriages the Marches have really nothing to offer in the way of plot at all. The structure of the book is largely segmental, each chapter a neatly rounded episode, loaded with its lesson, and capped with repentance and tears and a few words of comfort from Mrs. March.

And yet—and yet: one does have to admit that these impossible Marches are real people. The children who get so absorbed in them are not wrong in finding them alive and true. The only wonder is that any child raised this side of 1900 has been able to put up with the things they do and the things they say, these all too real people. Of course the Marches *were* real people. Except for the trussing up of episodes and the simplification of character which passes for Miss Alcott's art, she has merely reported her own family. The searching of consciences and amateur theatricals and domestic trials which went on in the March family all happened to the Alcotts. It is not the people in the book who are unreal, but the people who lived. The Alcott's flourished on transcendental truth. But the truth of their day, the simple faith of our fathers, we have seen thinned and worn, until it has become the bandwagon drool and pulpit hypocrisy of ours. Can this be what our modern small daughters like?

The sort of thing that used to be said was that Miss Alcott's books have been a greater force for good among the girls and boys of this country than any other one etc., etc. Then rose a Modern—from New England, too—who cried out that Miss Alcott's books have done incalculable harm in all the nurseries of the land by implanting in young minds a false and priggish picture. I think Miss Alcott, with her conscientious little morals, turned over in her grave at that point. But I confess that that statment holds the best explanation I can see of why little girls still read here books. They are bad for them of course. Could any but pernicious influence hold such a fascination for so long? The fact is that little girls have a natural depraved taste for moralizing. They like to see virtue rewarded and evil punished. They like good resolutions. They like tears and quarrels and loving reconciliations. They believe in the ultimate triumph of good, in moral justice, and honeymoons in Valarosa. And Miss Alcott panders to these passions!

Let modern mothers bob their hair and talk the neo-psychic talk. Let children spell by drawing rabbits; let them study the city water works. Yet it will not avail. For unless we take to censorship to protect them against the subversions of the past, little girls will read Little Women still.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

* Little Women; Little Men, by Louisa M. Alcott, in the Beacon Hill Bookshelf series. $2.00 each volume.

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You Takes Your Choice

"You Takes Your Choice," by Clinton A. Gilbert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

MR. GILBERT was one of the anonymous authors of The Mirrors of Washington, and, now that he has written a book entirely under his own name, most of the authorship of the Mirrors seems pretty plainly to have been his, for the new book has most of the qualities and defects of the earlier one—its persuasive acidity, its keenness of observation, its uncanny talent for mixing the oil of emotional bias with the water of verbal impartiality, its serene avoidance of psychological terra incognita, its skilful weaving of what is actually known into a neat pattern along with what may only be guessed.

In the case of President Coolidge one has to assume more than one knows; one has to guess at the content of his inarticulate exterior, deduce meaning from silences, and, in drawing up a map of his mind give due space to territory which, while it may either be full of rocks and rills and laughing hills or just plain desert, must for the present be left blank. But blanks don't make a good article, and Mr. Gilbert has filled them in. He starts off with the famous remark about Calvin Coolidge when he came to the Massachusetts House of Representatives: "Like the singed cat, he is better than he looks." And didn't "this shy, silent, socially awkward young man do more than look like a singed cat? Didn't he also feel like a singed cat?" And hasn't he spent his life trying to be "better than he looked," with singular success? The singed-cat feeling is of course our old friend Inferiority Complex, who has been made to do so many odd jobs explaining human character that almost any trait not easy to understand can be attributed to him. Yet, failing more insight into the nature of I. C. and of President Coolidge, Mr. Gilbert's statement of the dynamics in this instance is hard to improve upon: "The singed-cat sense and the bitter driving force of ambition, which converts everything to use, which concentrates attention on self . . . which shackles the free spirit and makes one the slave of one's own progress—this explains Mr. Coolidge."

Though this is the kernel of the analysis, Mr. Gilbert has a good deal more besides to say about him, and a good deal more respect for him than the above would imply. President Coolidge is "a more real democrat at heart than any President" Mr. Gilbert can remember. "He has faith in democracy. The picture he has in his head of this world is of one in which the little fellow has an even chance. Didn't he have his, and wasn't he a little fellow? Also, "he is the least of an egoist there has been in the White House since Lincoln." And at the same time a genuine, a profound, an honest conservative: "His caution, the immobility of his ancestors, his moderate vitality, all combine to make him a conservative. That is the solid part of Coolidge." People know where he stands, even if he doesn't say so; people like him as they like a barometer set at No change.

Mr. Davis, of course, appeals to Mr. Gilbert much more than the President. He is "handsome, happy, urbane, tolerant, moderate, wise;" he is the personification of "sweet reasonableness." "Nature has been exceptionally kind to Mr. Davis. In making him look as he does she has won half the battle for him . . . He is so sure of himself, so much at ease, at such good terms with the world, so handsome, so happy that only the most dismal experiences with him could prevent your forming a most favorable opinion of him." Mr. Gilbert, evidently, has had no dismal experiences. He has seen the Democratic candidate receiving an LL.D. at Princeton, and wondered what "that worldly and interesting face" was doing among "those other worldly academic faces;" he has settled down comfortably to hear the distinguished Doctor speak, "thinking that wit would surely flow from that countenance"—"You could hear him a dozen times speak solidly and still have that comfortable illusion." He finds Mr. Davis a liberal, whose "liberalism does not consist of any deep sense of the wrongs of the masses of mankind but rather of a legalistic sense of the rights of the masses of mankind."

Sweet reasonableness: this is the most important trait of John W. Davis, and the burden of what Mr. Gilbert has to say about him. In fact he has not much else to say, and pleasantly occupies some forty pages ringing the changes on the plain truth about itself so candidly told by this smooth and winning face. One wishes he had found more to say. Surely there must be more; surely there are traits of mind and temper which would emerge if the man were President and pounded by public life. We cannot now know what they are, for just as Mr. Davis's patent charm and intelligence have left his chronicler little else to depict in him, so the bright sun of his sweet reasonableness has, pretty nearly all his life, warmed those about him into believing that this quality was all that need be required of him.

Mr. Gilbert evidently knows much more about Senator La Follette, and what he writes about him makes a solider chapter than his friendly unfolding to Mr. Davis's charm. La Follette, he thinks, is "probably of greater political ability than either of his rivals." He is also "a man of the purest personal and political character." But he is "dour, stand-offish, lonely, impracticable; he does not belong; he is a heavy tragedian." When Senator Sawyer tried to bribe him, says Mr. Gilbert, "we applaud the vehemence of Mr. La Follette's spurning of Senator Sawyer's money, but after all it belongs in a story book. It is a shade too heroic." And he demands of his auditors "endurance" as "heroic" as his own. He is "never perfectly at one with his hearers." He recites to them Henley's lines about his "unconquerable soul," and is not uneasy at assuring thousands that

> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody but unbowed.

Nothing, thinks Mr. Gilbert, is "more revealing than the liking for these lines and the public display of it." A man of whom one fears that he has only "grim" satisfactions, a man who has been too serious, too much on the fighting defensive, "too much in earnest in his anger and his zeal."

These are only high spots, necessarily disconnected, in a very stilmulating discussion of all the candidates, vice-presidential as well. In writing about the running-mates, Mr. Gilbert's material runs thinner than his vivacity and ability to weave amusing words around solitary incidents and single traits of character. But You Takes Your Choice is an amusing book to read just before election, and probably a useful one as well.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The Wings of Science

Daedalus, or the Science of the Future, by J. B. S. Haldane. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $1.00.

Icarus, or the Future of Science, by Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co. $1.00.

AS a playground for the imagination modern science is quite unexampled. It is a land of unlimited superlatives. People with a taste for magnitude can contemplate the size and distance of Betelgeuse. Those of a delicate and refined disposition can give their consideration to the dimensions and orbits of the electron. If any have an eye for color and a taste for lush scenery, let them roam at large in the Jurassic period, among dinosaurs, toothed birds and flying reptiles. Others, of a mechanical turn, can people some future paradise with such prodigies of machinery as seem reasonable upon the basis of the airplane or the audion bulb.

To enjoy this sport it is not even necessary to possess any great imaginative power in one's own right. The bookshops abound with every sort of tale of the wonders of the past and the possible glories of the future. There are wonders of invention, mysteries of electricity and marvels of horticulture, all brightly illuminated by fantastic illustration. Unfortunately, there is a certain sameness about these books. They incline all to rely on the same device, magnification. The future is to be bigger and better but qualitatively the same. In the end the suspicion steals over the reader that this awesome future is nothing but the present regarded through a glass, largely. Even the skilled purveyor of marvels must depend upon the accredited scientist for his materials, and the scientist is usually loath to go beyond the present.

Perhaps Professor Haldane was surprised into a commitment. This little essay in which he allows his imagination to take the bit was originally read to a group of safely cloistered scholars in Cambridge University. At all events he has far outdone the most lurid popular mystifier. To the scientist the harnessing of hitherto untapped sources of power and consequent revolution of mechanical industry are too obvious to be lingered over. They are compassed in a few opening pages with a casual suggestion of windmills and storage batteries, and enormous central power stations for storing occasional surplus by the electrolytic decomposition of water. A bio-chemist, like Professor Haldane, would naturally regard such things as peripheral and unessential. The real revolutions to be wrought by science will come much closer up and will affect the fundamental organic activities of man as a species, his actual metabolism and reproduction.

Man lives by food. All the mechanical contrivances whatsoever leave food just where it was. But the chemist sees that the discovery of a process for breaking down cellulose, the major constituent of vegetable matter and at present digestible only by certain herbivorous animals, would release the whole substance of vegetation for human food, making food as accessible and cheap as sawdust. According to Haldane this is already in sight. But it is comparatively trivial. Bacteriologists will be able to develop fungi which will fix nitrogen, multiplying the fertility of the earth's soil beyond measure, binding the sands of deserts, charging the oceans with inexhaustible quantities of microscopic fish food and therefore fish. One may fancy, even, that this phenomenon will have turned the ocean purple, thereby changing the entire landscape: a purple sea washing a shore riotous with lusher than carboniferous vegetation.

And what of homo sapiens? Here we are in the mysterious field of biological invention, of which the domestication of animals and plants, those greatest achievements of our anonymous neolithic ancestors, are the forerunners. It is the glory of the biological discovery that it revolutionized human society; its nemesis lies in its inevitable aspect of perversion of nature. Consider man's relation to the cow, says Professor Haldane. What an obscenity it must have seemed upon its first introduction! So it will be with the most sweeping contributions of science in the future. In particular the professor applies himself to the curse of Eve. Science has come to an understanding of the processes of generation. By the technology of surgery artificial parturition can be made safer and more comfortable than the real thing. Already the physiologists are learning to maintain living tissues outside the organisms to which they are attached by nature. These things will very shortly combine into a technique for the production of human young entirely outside the body of the mother, an achievement which will bring the confinement of the female sex to a sudden end and at the same time will vest the responsibility for the selection of the parents of the ensuing generations not in the romantic caprices of the love-lorn but in the sober judgment of the best minds. At long last the race itself will have come under the control of the scientist.

If Bertrand Russell scouts this utopia he does so not as a scientist but as a philosophical pessimist. Its science is not called in question, and is probably quite sound. But Mr. Russell distrusts the human species as a political animal. "Much as I would like to agree with this forecast," he says, "a long experience of statesmen and governments has made me somewhat sceptical. I am compelled to fear that science will be used to promote the power of dominant groups rather than to make men happy." The men who administer the science of the future "will have a power beyond the dreams of the Jesuits, but there is no reason to suppose that they will have more sense than the men who control education today. Technical scientific knowledge does not make men sensible in their aims, and administrators in the future will be presumably no less stupid and no less prejudiced than they are at present." Furthermore, "science enables the holders of power to realize their purposes more fully than they could otherwise do. If their purposes are good, this is a gain; if they are evil, it is a loss. In the present age, it seems that the purposes of the power-holders are in the main evil . . . Therefore at present science does harm by increasing the power of rulers. Science is no substitute for virtue."

Unfortunately this is all too true. The reluctance which many intelligent and progressive people feel toward resigning themselves wholly to the advices of the present set of ardent eugenists is due to their doubt not of the mechanical efficacy of limitation but of the human wisdom of the eugenists' positive recommendations. As things stand Mr. Russell's melting of the wax from the wings of science leaves no alternative but a catastrophic fall. There is just one reservation to be made; but it is an important one. Mr. Russell, though he assumes the future tense, uses the static rather than the progressive

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future. He assumes a condition, in itself quite intelligible, and argues from that. But nothing in human life stands still, not even political prejudice. If a social psychologist were to take up the argument, adding his little say to the essays of the Cambridge scientists, he would doubtless begin by pointing out that circumstances alter outlook. So complete a revolution in the domestic economy as that suggested by Haldane would necessarily recompose all the fundamental institutions of the state. We should not have the new technology under the administration of the older statescraft. But more important than the overt shift in institutions is the changing complexion of ideas. Human thinking itself follows the lead of circumstance. There is no reason to suppose that the existing motivation and rationalization of political and economic behavior will persist through never so extensive development of the industrial revolution. In short, Mr. Russell has succeeded in exhibiting the incompleteness and precariousness of the achievement heralded by Haldane. But before he can pronounce them suicidal another physician must be called in to write the prognosis of another process: Prometheus, or the Future of Human Thought.

C. E. A.

Something Childish

Something Childish, and Other Stories. By Katherine Mansfield. New York: Alfred E. Knopf. $2.50.

IT would be unfair to judge the talents of the late Katherine Mansfield by the pieces gathered in this volume. The editor candidly tells us that he doubts whether Miss Mansfield herself would have allowed some of these stories to appear. Indeed, when the book is read carefully, there appears to be little or nothing in it equal to her best work in other books; these pieces are the artist's "throw-outs," stories which did not, perhaps, quite satisfy her fastidious taste, or sketches too slight in matter for her to wish them published in permanent form. Something Childish might be described as the appendix to Miss Mansfield's collected works; we are glad to have it, because anything from this artist's pen is valuable, but it must be read in relation to her other work. Had Miss Mansfield lived she would surely have produced work far superior to most of the pieces in this volume. Of course, this is only comparing Miss Mansfield at her best with Miss Mansfield not quite at her best; compared with the productions of other, less gifted, writers, her most tenuous sketch is of importance.

This is one very good reason for reading everything Miss Mansfield wrote. I do not mean that the tragic shortness of this life makes us eager to search for the germs of future achievements even in her notes and sketches; though this is true. But if we ask what it is that we value in the writings of Katherine Mansfield, the answer is: a unique temperament, an original vision of the world. She offers us no interpretation of life, no profound brooding over the human comedy, but a vivid record of appearances, a thousand swift impressions of the world of men and things which no other person could give us. "What is there to believe in except appearances?" she asks in one of these stories; and adds: "The great thing to learn in this life is to be content with appearances, and shun the vulgarities of the grocer and philosopher." Obviously, appearances can be made the symbols of any profundity you like, and I am far from asserting that Katherine Mansfield gave no significance to her impressions. But with a writer of this kind we are more interested in the unique personality behind the work than in the work itself; and in the case of Katherine Mansfield the same personality can be detected in the earliest and the slightest of her writings as in the latest and most solid.

If you try to imprison this unique temperament in a formula you are bound to fail; you will only crush it in heavy fingers. You can say that Katherine Mansfield's stories bear some resemblance to the work of certain modern painters and poets; but the comparison cannot be made precise because there is no one to compare her with but herself. There is an early poem by M. Luc Durtain describing how a man sees the world about him curiously and beautifully reflected in a half-empty wine-flask—it is the ordinary world and yet it is changed, the proportions are altered, common things look strangely beautiful. That, I think, is not a bad figure for the art of Katherine Mansfield; the world seen through her temperament is the world we see ourselves, but is altered so that we see everything in fresh proportion. Take a passage like this, for example, from a sketch called See-Saw:

> Spring. As the people leave the road for the grass their eyes become fixed and dreamy like the eyes of people wading in the warm sea. There are no daisies yet, but the sweet smell of the grass rises, rises in tiny waves the deeper they go. The trees are in full leaf. As far as one can see there are fans, hoops, tall rich plumes of various green. A light wind shakes them, blowing them together, blowing them free again; in the blue sky floats a cluster of tiny white clouds like a brood of ducklings.

That is an elementary example, but the same quality of vivid freshness can be traced through all Katherine Mansfield's work, in her rendering of character as well as in descriptive passages. She gives the unsuspected aspects of things (which create them for the reader so much more vividly than laboriously photographic descriptions), not because she self-consciously sought them, but because they were what she naturally saw. No doubt a temperament of this sort can only find perfect expression through persistent labor and a multitude of experiments; but the temperament itself is a unique gift, something which cannot possibly be acquired by any labor.

There are three or four stories of murders in this book, one of which called Poison is perhaps the best thing in it. An Australian murder story, The Woman at the Store, is excellent for its rendering of the primitive coarseness of life in those remote districts and for the skill with which the story is told. Something Childish but Very Natural is a study in youthful sentiment. The Black Cap is an amusing sketch of an elopment which was a failure. Among the other sketches which have no particular significance but that of keen observation and vivid description, the best are The Journey to Bruges, Pension Séguin, and An Indiscret Journey. Most of the book falls into this category, but the reader should not overlook the sketches of child character in which Miss Mansfield excelled.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

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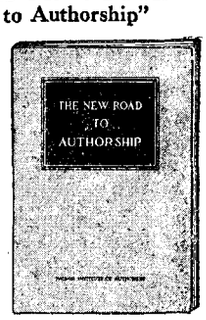

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Two Books on the Far East

Red Bear or Yellow Dragon, by Marguerite Harrison. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3.00.

MRS. HARRISON, to be sure, was a journalist, but she began her traveling with journalism as a cloak, and espionage her mission-in-chief. To ninety-nine members of the newspaper profession out of a hundred the lapse from ethics would not be forgiven, but Mrs. Harrison, jailed for her offense, proved such a good sport in prison, and contracted such a fatal attraction for things Russian, that she proves an exception. Red Bear or Yellow Dragon is an excellent superficial survey of the tug between imperialist Japan and the new Russia for the leadership of the Chinese millions and for the raw materials of central Asia. A noteworthy chapter pictures the first stages of the negotiations for the return of the Chinese Eastern Railway to Russian government control, negotiations not yet finally finished, and fraught with far-reaching consequences. Mrs. Harrison has a nose for news. She proceeded to the Far Eastern Republic and landed in Chita just as the "Republic" was throwing off its diplomatic nom-de-guerre and announcing that it had married back into the soviet family. She had promised the year before never to be caught in soviet territory again. Arrested forthwith, and shipped back to Moscow, she kept a cheerful and observant diary, noting in her few days at large before she journeyed on to Riga, the growing nationalism of revolutionary Moscow.

E. E.

China's Real Revolution, by Paul Hutchinson. New York: Missionary Education Movement. $.75.

YOU are here told that most of the changes taking place in Chinese life are traceable to Christian missionary movement. True, and the strongest argument to be made against "New" China. Not that new China represents change but that the change is alien in inspiration and form. The revolt of the younger generation against the dead weight of the past is necessary, but what they would substitute has been chosen less for its intrinsic worth than because it is Western. Although prejudiced in favor of the new and, of course, for Christian mission effort, this book is refreshingly free from patronizing and from undue generalization. Where the mission bias does not enter, there is also clear and sound thinking.

N. P.

Contributors

ROLFE HUMPHRIES, whose poems appear in current periodicals, is an editor of The Measure.

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